Tib. *Mercutio* thou consorteſt with *Romeo.*

Mer. Consort! what doeſt thou make us Minſtrels? and thou make Minſtrels of us, looke to heare nothing but diſcords; here's my Fiddle-ſticke, here's that ſhall make you dance: zounds consort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men,
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart, here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no mans pleaſure I.

Enter Romeo.

Ti. Well, peace be with you ſir, here comes my man.

Mer. But Ile be hang'd ſir if he weare your Livery:
Marry goe before to field, hee'll be your follower,
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tib. *Romeo*, the love I beare thee can affoord
No better tearme than this: thou art a Villaine.

Rom. *Tibalt* the reaſon that I have to love thee,
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting: Villaine I am none,
Therefore farewell, I ſee thou know'ſt me not.

Tib. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turne and draw.

Rom. I doe proteſt I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love:
And ſo good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as my owne, be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calme diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion,
Alla ſtucatho carries it away:
Tibalt, you rat-catcher, will you walke?

Tib. What wouldſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I meane to make bold withall, and as you ſhall uſe mee hereafter dry beate the reſt of the eight. Will you plucke your ſword out of his Pilcher by the eares? make haſte, leſt

leſt mine be about your eares e're it be out.

Tib. I am for you.

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio* put thy Rapier up.

Mer. Come ſir, your Paſſado.

Ro. Draw *Benvolio*, beat downe their weapons:
Gentlemen for ſhame forbeare this outrage.
Tibalt, *Mercutio*, the Prince expreſſely hath
Forbid bandying in *Verona's* ſtreets:
Hold *Tibalt*, good *Mercutio*.

Away Tibalt.

Mer. I am hurt:
A plague a both houſes, I am ſped;
Is he gone and hath nothing?

Ben. What art thou hurt?

Mer. I, I, a ſcratch, a ſcratch, marry 'tis enough:
Where is my Page? goe villaine fetch a Surgeon.

Rom. Courage man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deepe as a Well, nor ſo wide as a Church doore, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve, aske for mee to morrow and you ſhall finde mee a grave man. I am peppered I warrant for this world, a plague a both your houſes: 'zounds a dogge, a rat, a mouſe, a cat to ſcratch a man to death; a braggart, a rogue, a villaine, that fights by the booke of Arithmeticke: why the d.v'll came you betweene us? I was hurt under your arme.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Helpe me into ſome houſe *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint: a plague a both your houſes,
They have made wormes meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly to your houſes——

Exit.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Princes neere ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortall hurt
In my behalfe, my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tibalts* ſlaunder, *Tibalt* that an houre
Hath beene my couſin. O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valours ſteele.

Enter

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